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LETTER TO THE REVIEWERS OF "ITALY"

INCLUDING

An answer to a Pamphlet entitled "Observations upon the Calumnies and Misrepresentations in Lady Morgan's Italy."

BY LADY MORGAN.

"Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task." —*Pope*.

"Mere rogues . . . but they are friends. One is his printer in disguise and keeps His press in an hollow tree, where, to conceal him,

He works by glow-worm light;—the moon's too open—

The other zealous rag is the compositor, Who in an angle, where the ants inhabit, (The emblems of his labour) will sit cur'd

Whole days and nights, and work his eyes out."

Time Vindicated, B. Jonson.

It has been started as an objection to my work on Italy, that it had no preface. Many reasons might be assigned for the omission:—one may suffice—I had nothing to say.

"Talking of the Alps and Apennines, The Pyrenean and the river Po."

I had exhausted even my woman's garrulity; and was as weary of my pen, at the end of my two quarto volumes, as I had been of my carriage, at the conclusion of my two years' journey. Even still I should be unable to "furnish forth" a preface, had not the inditers of daily criticism supplied me with the necessary *de quoi*, by the blundering manner in which they have performed their task of filling up the interval, which has accidentally occurred, between the publication of my work, and the quarterly and monthly apparition of the "All hails hereafter."

It is now, I believe, twelve or fourteen years since the supposed literary organ of government gave the word to all subaltern scribes to bear down upon and attack whatever I should print; and the public will allow that the "ragamuffins" of this

"ancient Pistol" (who, by the bye, like Sir John Falstaff, has

"Misused the King's *treas* most—," "have done their spiriting" faithfully, if not "gently." They have attacked me on every point where the woman was most susceptible, the author most sensitive. They have attacked my public profession, and private character, my person, my principles, my country, my friends, my kindred, even my dress. They have done every thing to injure, but—praise me; for, after all, "it is their slaver kills, and not their bite."

Hitherto, I have been, for the interests perhaps of truth and of literature, something too loth "to stir at these indignities." Even now, if I come forth among my nameless assailants, "I swear by yea and nay" or any other pretty oath, 'tis more in fun than fear—less in spite than sport. The shafts they have long let fly at me, and all that is dearest to me, have been shot from masked batteries, and "dipped in double venom." The arrow with which I return their assault, will fall poisonless, though not perhaps pointless. Mine, I trust, will be true lady's archery, fair, though irregular; my aim taken in the garish eye of day—my name announced—my cognizance blazoned—my device known—and my heart worn, as it always has been,

"On my sleeve, for (even) daws to peck at."

Thus simply armed and frankly avowed, unmasked, unshielded but by truth, alone in the midst of my ambushed foes, I take my ground;

"And as I truly fight, so help me Heaven."

The accidental circumstance of being born and educated in a land stamped with the impress of six centuries of degradation—the natural tendency of a female temperament to a prompt, uncalculating sympathy—and the influence of that stirring quality called indignation (as often a constitutional as a mo-

ral affection) gave a direction to my feelings, and a colour to my mind and writings, which from my "youth upwards" have remained unchanged and indelible.

Ireland, the country of my birth and my commiseration, became, almost in childhood, my inspiration and my theme; and with little reading, less judgment, but not one interested view, (for when was youth sordid?) I embraced the cause of the Irish Catholics, of whom, personally, I knew not one. Beginning with the adaptation of some old Irish melodies to old Irish tales, badly translated, I pursued my vocation, in riper years, through a series of national novels, which, had they been written with as much talent as zeal, might have been powerfully efficacious in the cause they advocated. They had, however, a rapid circulation both abroad and at home; and they excited some interest for those to whose service they were devoted.

Hitherto, as an Irish novelist, all my politics lay in my heart: but my subsequent visits to the continent, by extending the sphere of observation, induced the necessity for research. I saw much, read much, heard much: and was aided by one whose sound judgment, philosophical mind, and firm principles, were well calculated to correct a woman's rapid inferences, and keep down the tone of a novelist's high colouring fancy:—I had, besides, the benefit of the most liberal and literary society in Europe.

Under circumstances thus favourable, I was tempted to abandon for a time the track of inventive composition; and produced successively my "France" and "Italy." In these works I attempted to expose the evils of despotic governments, in opposition to the blessings and benefits of a representative government:—to display the fatal effects of a powerful and intolerant superstition, as opposed to the enlightened doctrines of rational and revealed religion. I did this (at a

moment when the dogmas of toryism ran highest) at all risks and at all sacrifices. Profit, pleasure, and distinction, for myself, and for those for whose sake they would have been most valuable, might have been the recompense of a more prudent direction of my trifling talents.* persecution, privation, and calumny, were the inevitable result of that line which, with more honesty than discretion, I voluntarily adopted.

* This will not appear a vain boast, when the miserable stuff is considered, which fills the periodical sheets of the ministerial press: and which is purchased by pensions, places, and honours, more proportionate to the sacrifice of principle and respectability required for its production, than to the literary talent evinced in its composition. Whoever writes for the interests of the public, must seek his recompence in the approbation of his own conscience. "Honours and emoluments," (says lord Orford) "are in the gift of the Crown. The nation has no separate treasury to reward its friends."

† As reviews, political and literary, in France and England, were not found sufficiently influential in suppressing my writings, whole volumes were got up by the Ultras of both countries. One, for instance, was published by colonel Du P——, now a member of the Institute of France. This gentleman introduced himself at my house in Dublin, (having no other mode of making my acquaintance,) where he was hospitably entertained, and presented to many persons of rank and fashion. A few weeks after his departure, appeared his book written against my "France." When Mr. Du P—— read to me the complimentary passages in the opening of his MS. I little guessed the virulence which was to be displayed, upon a purely literary topic, in its subsequent pages.

Much about the same time appeared another work, which was said to be the production of the same person who translated my "France" so falsely that I was compelled to protest against it in the French journals: and who brought out a garbled translation of Florence Macarthy, in opposition to one done under my own eye, to which he prefixed a life, less faithful and veracious than the translation itself.—At the expiration of three years, appeared Mr. Playfair's "France, not the France of lady Morgan," of which I know nothing but from the extracts given of it in the papers, (being abroad at the time of its publication). In these extracts, however, there were the foulest falsifications of my text: one in particular, in an anecdote respecting my friend Mademoiselle Jerome Bonaparte (Mrs. Patterson).

Had I, in the works alluded to, written one line offensive to public morals, it would have been amenable to the laws; and the laws would have had their course. Nay more, an inquisition beyond the laws would have summoned the author before its star-chamber tribunals; and never since the faggot was kindled, and the pile raised, for the unfortunate female victims of the ferocious Jeffreys,* was dame or damsel so roasted, as the author of 'France' and 'Italy' would have been, if the familiars of this new holy office could have detected her in any one of those sins ascribed by the false witnesses of the ministerial press to her two last works.

The attack made on "France" in the Quarterly Review is too notorious to dwell upon. It produced an effect as unexpected by the author as the critic: it assisted to hurry on the sale of the work it was intended to suppress; of which four editions in England, two in France, and four in America, were rapidly exhausted. Even the chiefs of the tory party affected, in public, to be ashamed of the clumsy and ungentlemanly manner in which their work was done. In private, however, they——asked the reviewers to their tables on the strength of such exertions. But for the Quarterly, with respect to my writings, it has "its own quietus made," and I have done with it.

Criticisms and a biography of me, in a French publication, were also written, as I have reason to know, by two ladies (British) of notorious character, whom I refused to visit.—Against "Italy" a heavy pamphlet has appeared, accusing me of "calumnies" against lord Bentinck. This is said to be the production of a military officer, holding distinguished appointments under the British government.

* "Two women were condemned to be burnt alive, for indulging the sweetest of female virtues—compassion for the distressed: the lady Lisle widow of lord Lisle, and Mrs. Gaunt."—Sir John Dalrymple, Reign of James the Second, part i. book ii.

For this and similar acts, James appointed Jeffreys Lord Chancellor of England on his return from the circuit, which, in allusion to its atrocities, the royal Stuart was wont facetiously to call "Jeffreys' campaign!"

† The Quarterly may now write for, or against me, as it pleases—*c'est égal*. In all that concerns my writings, it has

"Italy" was published on the twentieth of June, and by the twenty-third, in three days, "nay, not so much," some of the journals, hostile to liberal principles, had tried, judged, and condemned it; though one of the leading faults attributed to it was, that it consisted of two huge quarto volumes. By the first of July it was abused by almost every ministerial newspaper, journal, and magazine, which happened to be on service during the short interval.

And now, "ye wrath enkindled gentleman," whose rage is excited, and whose loyalty is got up, at—so much per sheet, who review without reading, and are read without being reviewed, I would call you over

— "Generally, man by man, according to the scrip," and I would show you off for the entertainment of the public, as showmen exhibit apes, not for their beauty or utility, but for the malignant ingenuity of their foul and mischievous tricks. I would "stir up with a long pole" that heavy nondescript, the *Literary Gazette*,*

reduced itself to the state of a compatriot of mine, of inventive notoriety; who, calling one day at dinner for bread, observed to his neighbour, "I have told that fellow I want bread twenty times." "He doesn't believe you, dear," replied his companion.

* The *Literary Gazette*, which was carried on with some spirit while under the direction of Mr. Colburn, (now the publisher of decidedly the best and most amusing magazine in England,) has changed its character since it fell into the hands of the present editor, who has taken such pains to prove not only, that on finishing the 1st vol. of my work, "the reader will have learnt little about the Italian cities, and nothing at all about the manners and customs of their inhabitants,"—not only that "he will have found instruction and amusement in scarcely one" of my pages—but that lord Byron is no original poet! !—and that he should not be read. *En-revanche*, however, he has always a stock of little Pocket Poets, of his own, on hand, which he fires off at the public with various seducing epithets:—one is "a modest genius," destined for immortality. Another is an "apostle of literature," worthy of his high vocation! A third is designated as "that gorgeous poet." *En-attendant*, every body runs after, and reads, lord Byron, (as well they may,) and nobody reads the poetical protégés of the *Literary Gazette*, except the editor himself. As far as I have been able to trace the individuals who have

floundering and flouncing in the shallows of its own eternal dulness; I would "turn out" the Morning Post, the never-to-be-read, and always-to-be-laughed-at Morning Post, which Ridicule has "marked for her own;" and so on with the whole *menagerie*, but that, just now, I have not time to do equal justice to all, and give "to each his due." I must therefore hold you over, as sportsmen bag their foxes, for a future chase; selecting from your number one, who represents you all, and whose *review* of my work, made up of dregs extracted from the crucibles of the Quarterly and of Blackwood's laboratory, is quintessential in all the properties by which each is distinguished:—the thing I allude to is the Edinburgh Magazine* or Literary Miscellany.

The Edinburgh Magazine! Land of the learned and the liberal, land of the Humes, the Robertsons, the Playfairsts, and the Leslie's, can you suffer the time honoured name of your lettered capital to be prefixed to such a thing as this? But nations, like heaven, must sometimes submit to hear themselves profaned, and to have their venerated names taken in vain for the worst of purposes and in the worst of causes.

And now, "Room, room, brave gallants!" Trot him out here on "his pasteboard hobby," this lord of literary misrule, this critical Chro-nomastix of the Edinburgh Maga-

attacked me anonymously, it will be seen that I have little reason to be ashamed of their enmity. This editor of the Literary Gazette, one of my bitterest libellers, notwithstanding his recent outcries against satirical writings, was formerly editor of that notorious periodical work "The Satirist," a publication, which to name is to describe. Various other facts, with which I am acquainted, relative to the history of this ci-devant reporter of the Morning Post, and editor of the Satirist, would go a great way towards satisfying the public, both of the grounds of his criticisms on my writings, and the weight that is due to them; but, for the present, I forbear. I have ascertained his literary identity, and that is sufficient. Let his works speak for themselves.

* "Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Orders for the work should be particularly addressed to Longman and Co. London."

† "Chromomastix, a genuine name, it would seem, for the herd of libellists who infested those times."—W. Gifford, Esq. *in his Edit. of B. Jonson.*

zine. So here he comes, backed by Messieurs Constable and Co. and the long house of Longman; who as they accompany their champion to the lists, and in their own names present him his "three-cornered heater" or "round rondash," to shield him in the affray, must e'en abide the issue.

"Let the appellant's trumpet sound," The public "shall decide the victor's chivalry."

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, JULY 1821.*

"Italy, by Lady Morgan."

"I trust," says la'ly Morgan, "that, in a woman's work \dagger sex may plead its privilege; and that, if the heart will occasionally make itself a party in the concern, its intrusions may be pardoned, as long as the facts detailed are backed, beyond the possibility of dispute, by the authority of contemporary testimonies." We have always been accustomed to consider the words "privilege of Parliament" as the most vague and uncertain that the English language, or the English constitution, can boast of. In this opinion we have erred. Lady Morgan has practically demonstrated, that, of all the salvos ever entered, to impose

* As my work on Italy could not have reached Edinburgh in time to have been read and reviewed for the July number of the Edinburgh Magazine, I have reason to think it was manufactured in London. It *smells* of the *Quarterly creature*, and whole phrases of abuse and invective applied to me in the review of "Italy," have been already applied by William Gifford, Esq. in his *furius* edition of Ben Jonson, to the victims of (to use a term of his own applied to Hurd) his "insane criticism"—the Malones, Whalleyes, &c. &c. For instance—"What language of reprobation is sufficiently strong to mark the portentous ignorance, which could deliberately affirm that the homely and unadorned interlude in the TEMPEST exceeded in the splendour of its exhibition that of all the masks of Jonson?"—Notes on the Mask of the Vision of Delight.—Here is, word for word, the "language of reprobation" used to "that Irish woman" in the Edinburgh Magazine.

"Lord—that a monster should be such a natural!"—TEMPEST.

† One would imagine that this extract was taken from a preparatory passage in my work, in which I pleaded *sex* in abatement of all criticism upon the work generally; whereas, in fact, it is an observation made by the bye, on the subject of Milan, where the hospitalities I received, and the friendship I experienced, might, perhaps, have prejudiced my judgment, and hurried me into unintentional errors.

on the credulity, or propitiate the favour of mankind, that of "privilege of sex" is the most conveniently and mischievously general and comprehensive. Is a jolthead of a country member laughed at by an opposition print, wherein his folly, his ignorance, his ductility, or his corruption, are animadverted on as they deserve? he rises in his place—denounces the daring offender—pleads "privilege of Parliament"—and ends with a motion which is generally carried, for providing the would-be patriot with cool apartments in Newgate. Here, however, the matter rests. The session of Parliament and the durance of the patriot terminate together; and the sinner issues forth from his opprobrious den to commit new trespasses, without, perhaps, encountering fresh castigation.

It does an ambulating scribbler of bad novels indite two goodly quartos, every page of which, almost, is sprinkled over with more or less of Nonsense, Ignorance, Indecency, Irreligion, Jacobinism, and Premeditated Perversion of Facts? it is immediately hoped and "trusted that *sex* may plead its privilege, and, that, if the heart make itself a party in the concern, its intrusions may be pardoned!" In the former instance, the offence, real or imaginary, meets with a punishment in some degree suitable and proper; whereas, in the latter, after every better principle of our nature has been outraged—after the laws and institutions of our country, and our religion, have been traduced and vilified—after the inveterate, the mortal foes of truth, religion, and social order, have been held up as paragons of philosophy, patriotism, and virtue—after we have toiled through blasphemy and Jacobinism, calumny and falsehood—we are immediately called upon to respect "the privilege of sex!" and, on pain of being branded with inexpiable cowardice, to refrain from making a single tilt against such an enormous delinquent, merely because, forsooth, the "work" is "a woman's!" The age of chivalry, alas! is gone by; and "a woman's work" against which such grave charges are laid, must, no less than a man's—had any man ever written such a mass of revolting jargon and abomination—submit to the dissecting knife of criticism. To give lady Morgan the full benefit of our strictures, however we shall take care to be most rigidly methodical."

Thus far the accuser: his charge preferred against the accused amounting to this—"that she is an ambulatory scribbler of bad novels! of nonsense!—ignorance!—indecency!—irreligion!—Jacobinism!—and premeditated perversion of facts!—one who has outraged every better principle of nature! traduced and

vilified the laws, institutions, and religion of her country!—that she is an abettor of the mortal foes of social order!—a retailer of blasphemy!—Jacobinism!—calumny!—and falsehood!—and the author of a mass of revolting jargon and ABOMINATION!—And this, the accuser calleth “giving the accused the full benefit of his strictures!!”—And now to the proofs. The reviewer gives them in the following order:

“1. Nonsense.—To convince our readers that we do not dive very deep for examples under this category, we shall transcribe the very first sentence of this monstrous literary abortion. “The fables of antiquity have assigned to the Peninsula of Italy a golden age; and his history, sufficiently vague, but better accredited, has peopled its Eden plains with confederated tribes; and has covered regions with numerous flocks and plenteous harvests, where desolation now reigns over pestilential marshes.” Here we have “fables,” “assigning a golden age to a peninsula;” and “history,” at once “vague” and “accredited,” “peopling Eden plains with confederated tribes!”—that is, “confederated” before they “peopled the Eden plains;” though where this “confederacy” was first entered into, this petticoated ultra-radical has not designed to inform us. In the sentences that follow in continuation, we meet with “Europe subjugated (enslaved) to slavery;”—a race of a mould and fibre swarming and violating,”—and “an unknown product from the foundery of a new creation thinning the ranks of a refined degeneracy!”—In page 3, “conquest” is said to be “consolidated by usurpation.” This is one of a thousand instances of inversion of understanding that might be selected from the volumes before us. We beg to inform Miladi, that “conquest” “consolidates usurpation,” not usurpation conquest. Buonaparte was a successful usurper, only because he was a great conqueror. Where did lady Morgan discover that “the paradise” (Italy we presume) “lured” (what?) “from the plains of Egypt.” We dare say there are Gypsies in Italy as elsewhere; but we really never heard that Ptolemy had ever reigned in that country, although we would be understood to speak with great deference to her ladyship, who is obviously very learned in ancient history, having discovered many facts which had totally escaped the more obtuse perceptions of her predecessors. In page 7 we are informed that “hecatombs of Roman lives were offered up on the ratification of this alliance,” (that between Eugenius III. and the emperor Frederick Barbarossa,) “on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul.” What! was this alliance ratified by human sacrifices? We cou-

fess we cannot discover a glimpse of meaning in this odd piece of exaggeration and nonsense. There is not a whisper in history to justify such an assertion.”

And is this the ignoramus you, Messrs. Constable and Co., have employed to review books of travels, to whom you have committed the destiny of your literary miscellany? Oh, fie! Messrs. Constable and Co! Though your reviewer personifies pretension,

— “His discourse peremptory,
His tongue filed, and his general behaviour
Vain, and thrasonical,”

yet his ignorance appears through every line, and he obviously throws himself for information on the author he reviles—upon the “petticoated ultra-radical author,”—with an unconscious simplicity that is very amusing. What! has he read nothing on the early story of Italy? Well, then, let him look into Virgil, Macrobius, Micali, Pignotti; and in those writers, ancient and modern, who have treated on the aboriginal state of Italy, he will find the authorities of all I have asserted on the “golden age, assigned by fables to Italy.” Any one of the young men of the University of Edinburgh will point out the passages alluded to, and one among them perhaps will translate* for him (which I can-

* Notwithstanding one word of Greek, and a few lines of Latin, which this Chronomastix has borrowed to enrich his critique upon Italy, it is very evident by his shameful blunders, that he is utterly ignorant of modern languages. The Quarterly Review, denying that there was such a phrase as “bonquet d’arbres,” threw the Ultras into dismay; but here is a gentleman mistaking the common Italian placard, “qui si vende aqua vita,” which travellers read over every pot-house from Susa to Naples, for a “mixture of French and Latin;” because “vende” (pronounced vendey) looks like the French “vend,” and “acqua vita” reminds him of the Latin “aqua vita.” And on this presumption he declares that I know nothing of languages! In like manner he observes, that the customhouse officers would say, “Ha lei qualche cosa per la dogana?” and not, as I have put it, “Niente per la dogana!” If any Scotch teacher of Italian, in a provincial boarding-school, has told the reviewer this, he has misled him. Any Scotchman who has been in Italy (and I have met many accomplished persons of that nation abroad) will set him right on this head. The gruff,

not stop to do) the following paragraph; in itself a sufficient authority

smoky Doganiero, who presents himself at the carriage-window, and raises his hand, without taking the trouble of raising his eyes, frequently permits nothing more than an interrogating “niente?” to slide out of one corner of his mouth, while the fumes of his pipe evaporate at the other. As he usually speaks the dialect of his own state, his Italian never reaches to the elegant Tuscan “ha lei.” This it is to review books of travels, without knowing any thing of the countries of which they treat. All the remarks on my French are equally inaccurate—for instance, the reviewer says, the “Coup de plat de sabre” is wrong; that lady Morgan should have written, “Coup du plat de sabre.” The phrase, however, is to be found, precisely as I wrote it, in the *Dictionnaire de l’Academie*, and in the *Dictionnaire critique de la langue Francaise*. This blunder of the Edinburgh Magazine reviewer being mentioned to an old French officer, he observed, “Si l’on voulut dire, qu’un personne a recu le coup d’un autre, en disant, il lui a donné un coup avec le plat du sabre, cela voulut exprimer que ce n’était pas avec le tranchant, que l’individu fut frappé; mais avec le plat du sabre; coup de plat de sabre, est la phrase militaire pour un espèce de châtiment militaire, trop connu de nos armées sous l’ancien régime.”

But this is nothing—he has invented sentiments for me, expressive of the most shameless libertinism that ever disgraced any work, male or female; such as “lady Morgan calls having but one wife at a time, a privation of virtue.” I appeal from this *false witness*, to the readers of “Italy.”—Another fabrication, equally gross, is the following: “With all the self-satisfied assurance of the most complete vanity, she tells us, that Hannibal, according to Livy, crossed the Alps by Mount Cenis.” I refer the reader to vol. first, page 24. The passage thus misconstrued, purposely and knowingly, is as follows: “From such a site as this Hannibal halted his Carthaginians, and pointed to the recompense of all their arduous undertakings—from such a site as this, the Lombard Albion passed,” &c. &c. &c.

“The moon shines bright—in such a night as this,
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan wall.

—“In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand;” say Lorenzo and Jessica—and yet, they did not mean to say, that on that particular night in which they were seated in Portia’s garden, TROILUS “sighed his soul to Cressida,”—or DINO

“Waved her love to come again to Carthage.”

for all I have advanced on the subject:—

"I poeti chiamarano secol d'oro il tempo di quei regni che la lor fantasia seppe abbellire con le più seducenti narazioni, mentre che la riconoscenza nazionale colloca in cielo i nomi di quei benefattori dell'umanità."—*L'Italia avanti il dominio dei Romani*.

From the same sources he may derive information on the early confederacy of the Italian states; of which Micali observes, "Tutti questi popoli riuniti con vincoli d'una commune origine, tradevano, ciò nonostante, dalla religione e dalla politica, il principale fondamento della lor concordia sotto la tutelar custodia di una nazione confederata," vol. I. p. 149.

"We meet (observes this pseudo-reviewer) with Europe subjugated (*enslaved*) to slavery." But according to my Irish bog-latin, "subjugated," from its derivation, means literally "passed under the yoke!" It is related that the Romans did so upon an occasion—

"Patience per force with wilful choleric meeting,"

but they were not therefore enslaved! The reviewer is referred to any Roman History (abridged for the use of Young Ladies).

"In page 3," adds this Captain O'Blunder of the Edinburgh—"in page 3, Conquest is said to be consolidated by Usurpation; but I beg to inform *Miladi*, that Conquest consolidates Usurpation!"

Oh, my Chronomastix, you may "tell that to the Marines," but the Cæsars and the Napoleons would never have believed you! They were Conquerors first—Emperors afterwards; and they consolidated the

Of Livy, his name or authority, there is not a single word;—and yet this is the way I have been always reviewed! the object being, *coute qui coute*, to stop the sale of my works, and prevent my writing at all!

* This epithet of "Miladi" is meant to be wit, but it cannot pass for originality. It has been worn threadbare in the service of Blackwood's Magazine, who received it, a little the worse for wear, from his Dublin contributor:—thence it passed to the "Morning Post;" and is yet deemed worthy of adoption by the editor of the Edinburgh Magazine. But wit is like cookery—

— "Et souvenez vous bien, Qu'un diner réchauffé ne valut jamais rien."—BOILEAU.

conquests, which gave them an influence over the opinions of their fellow citizens, by usurpations, which gave them power over their rights.

"Where? (continues *mon imperturbable!*) where did lady Morgan discover that the Paradise (Italy, we presume,) lured from the plains of Egypt?" &c. &c. &c.—Call you this reviewing?—Call you this back-stabbing your friends!!! Messrs. Constable and Co.?—Why, *Goodman Dull*, lady Morgan found it in such works as her reviewer evidently never heard of—in Buonarroti—in Maffei—in Mazzochi—who all differ in some respects, though all agree that the early inhabitants of Italy had their origin in ancient emigration. "Chi la ripete dall' Egitto! (says Pignotti)—chi dai Canei; chi da questi e dai Fenici," &c. &c. &c.

"In page 7 we are informed, (continues the reviewer of "Italy,") that "hecatombs of Roman lives were offered up on the ratification of this alliance between Eugenius III. and the emperor Frederick Barbarossa, on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul!"—What, was this alliance ratified by blood? we confess we cannot discover a glimpse of meaning in this odd piece of exaggeration and nonsense. There is not a whisper in history to justify such an assertion."

To this I answer, not in the History of "Jack the Giant killer"—but there is, in the splendid "History of the Italian Republics," by Sismondi—and in all other histories which treat of this notorious epoch of the middle ages. "Mon Cousin, voilà un belle occasion pour apprendre à lire"—as D'Argenson said to the illiterate Bignon, when he was appointed librarian to the king.

"In page 17 we meet (observes my Bignon) with the following passage:—

"For while the classical annals of Italy, with all their vices and crimes, make a part of the established education of England, the far nobler history of the Italian republics, *les siècles des merites ignores*, remains but little known.—It is impossible to determine whether ignorance or nonsense predominates in this passage. The classical annals of Italy, of which lady Morgan knows about as much as the man in the moon, do certainly make a part of the established education of England, and we rejoice that this is the case; but we should certainly insult the understandings of our readers, were we to attempt to vindicate the study of the classical annals of Italy, teeming as they do with great and immortal examples of patriotism and virtue,

or to expose the portentous ignorance which could describe* the study of the history of the *punu*, ferocious and sanguinary republics of Italy—of the crimes of such men as the duc de Valentino, and popes Alexander and Clement—as far nobler than that of Numa, of Tarquin, of Brutus, of Cæsar, of Pompey, of Augustus, or of Cicero."

The *punu* republics of Italy!! What, then, I ask, was the state of Rome in the times of the Numas and Tarquins? A cluster of wicker huts, resembling the miserable creaghts of the Irish Rapparees; while the marble capitals of Italy, the glorious works of the Orcagnas, the Bramantes, and the Michael Angelos, still attest the splendour of the republics of the middle ages, their wealth, extent and civilization. For the Valentinos, the Alexanders and the Clements, devoted to *execration* as they are in the pages of "Italy" (where probably the reviewer first learnt any thing about them) they were much of the same sort of persons as the Numas and the Tarquins—and I should like to know, *par parenthèse*, which of the Tarquins is the Tory reviewer's favourite and model for the study of British youth)—like them, impostors and tyrants, affecting a divine right to trample on the liberties of mankind. Their system was long continued in Europe—in England it ended with the Stuarts; and not all the Tory magazines in Great Britain—not even "ours" of Edinburgh, will bring it back,

"*Thou inclination be as sharp as 'toill.*" But the examples of study held up by the accused in her work, are not the Valentinos and Alexanders—they are the Capponi, the Strozzi, the Ruccellai—the Sydeneys, Russells and Hampdens of the republics of Italy.

"Leonardo da Vinci" says the reviewer, who accuses me of nonsense, "employed upon his *Supper!* Our readers will doubtless feel curious to know how long this learned painter was occupied in eating his supper!!! We blush to say we really cannot satisfy them!!!"

"Leonardo's Supper," it is well known, is the common as well as technical term given to Da Vinci's picture, and not "Leonardo's great master-piece, Christ's Last Supper," as the Chronomastix of the Edinburgh Magazine supposes. And

* See note in Edinburgh Magazine.

does the reviewer blush here? Let him keep his *reviewing* blushes for greater instances of ignorance than he has yet betrayed; for I have not yet done with him.

"3. INDECENCY.—This may appear an extraordinary category under which to class the sins of *a woman's work*; yet truth compels us to speak out. Many of the passages in this book are of a kind to shame a rake of any sense and judgment; and whenever an opportunity occurs, we invariably find her ladyship sporting her badinage, her lascivious descriptions and double entendres, with a freedom, facility and expertness, that may startle weak nerves. We shall only produce one of the least exceptionable instances of this sort of transgressions, and refer our readers to the rest. We dare not pollute our pages with the odious stuff which this ultra-radical in petticoats disports so much, *con amore*.

"Wishing to visit the triumphal arch at Susa, (the first and almost the last perfect monument of antiquity to be seen in Italy till Rome is reached) we were told that it stood in the gardens of the governor, behind the fort. On ascending to its gates, we were received by a veteran, who, for a trifling ducour, admitted us within the walls, and presented us, not to the 'warder bold,' but to the governor's *housekeeper*. The keys of the fortress seemed to hang from her smart French apron, and some visitants might have found that there was 'more peril in her eye than fifty of their swords.' There was a saucy mock humility about her, indicating one, *who, though hired to serve, remained to rule!* As we returned, under her escort, from visiting the arch, we encountered the governor, a most admirable dramatic figure, in full uniform and powdered toupee. 'Shall I present you?' said she, and, without waiting our answer, tripped up to him, continuing, 'Here are two Signori, [does her ladyship mean two gentlemen?] who wish extremely to see your Belvedere.' The *arch look* with which she said this, let us into the secret of the governor, that his Belvedere was, for the present, his *cheval de bataille*. It was a little

pavilion at the extremity of a bastion: beneath were the *Pas [Quare pays] de Suze*,* and the vales of Piedmont; above hung the snowy Alps, and torrents fell, and streams trickled, on every side. The governor was the very epitome of the *Vieille Cour*. He walked with his hat off, showed us his flower-knots, and praised the English, by whose advice and whose assistance fortresses once more rose, and *gallant* governors and *pretty housekeepers* ruled them. Nothing could be more theatric than the whole scene. The old sentinel, with one arm, smoking his pipe, under a broken arch; an old gardener, in a faded regimental," &c.

The *proofs* given in the *counts* of this indictment of *indecency* are marked in reprobating *italics*—they are "*Housekeeper!*"—"*Hired to serve, remained to rule!*"—"*Arch look!*"—"*Cheval de bataille!*"—"*Pas de Suze!*"—"*Vieille Cour!*" and "*Gallant!!!!*"

Alas! for such phrases as these am I to incur the odium of indecency?—the worst a woman can sustain, the last she would choose to bear!—Indecency! These are curious times!—Princes might recall, if they would, the days and manners of the Charleses and the Louises! they might take a mistress from the stage, or choose her from the Red Bench, and exhibit the offspring of their illicit loves in public and in private society, and yet I doubt if one of those *moral* censors, those pure supporters of the "social order," who fall foul of my "indecent anecdote," and write down "*Housekeeper*," in *italics*, would, even by inference, or inuendo, attack these privileged violators of decency and decorum!

"My simple truth must be abused

By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks," for the purpose of intimidating the ignorant and the shallow from read-

* No, her *ladyship* means to give the *Italian idiom* as an Italian spoke it: "Signori," is the term always addressed to a company of both sexes. The "Addio, Signori," the Italian salute, on entering a room where both sexes are present, (tantamount to Good-day, ladies—gentlemen) was, I remember, always translated into French by one of our Florentine visitors, (ambitions of speaking that language) by "*bon jour, Messieurs.*"—Such ignorance as this critique indicates, would disgrace the editorship of a two-penny ballad. Have the "Signori" Constable and Co. no *Italian* corrector of the press, to correct also their reviewer?

ing a work, where the nefarious system, by which alone such creatures can thrive and flourish, is courageously attacked,* and frankly exposed.

The next charge brought forward by the reviewer is—

LARELIGION!!!—"In page 3, vol. 1," he says, "the CHRISTIAN Church is described as founded in sacrifice, &c. &c. This is pretty distinct as to her ladyship's creed; and though compelled to do so in justification, we cannot but solicit the indulgence of all serious and religious persons, who may take the trouble to wade through this article, for contaminating our pages with the following—the last extract which we shall produce under this head—referring merely to the pages where further examples may be found in abundance, by all those who desire more. 'Meantime, some devotee, who paid dearly for the privilege, tottered under the burden of an immense black Christ, larger than life; while another pious athlete bore a white Christ of equal dimensions!' Vol. I. p. 249. At his leisure, the reader who desires further specimens, may consult the following pages of Vol. I. 23, 30, 188, 200, and 219—and of Vol. II. 86, 149, 179, 211, 274, and 412. This last is quite horrible, and, except this woman, there is not, we are convinced, another English writer that would have penned so atrocious an outrage on all religion and decency. Our very blood almost curdled to read it. But we must advance with our ungrateful examination."

The anecdote given in this insulated and distorted way, is part of

* This art was first resorted to by the Quarterly, and it then invented that odious calumny by a distortion of facts, which Mr. Playfair has copied, and which has been kindly refuted by some generous person whom I do not know, in the Gazette Historical, Political and Literary, of July 9, 1820. I give the passage:—"The first count in the indictment runs thus—'The indecent story about not finding a maid in Dieppe to represent the Virgin, is not fit for a book that gets into the hands of young people, who have either religion or virtue.' Does he know that lady Morgan says *no such thing*—that she never asserted that a maid or a virgin could not be found in Dieppe, but the *image of the Virgin to carry in the procession*? The revolution had spread such desolation, that when processions were revived by Louis XVIII. the priests could not find in the chapel an *effigy* to represent the person whose festival they commemorated. Before Mr. Playfair again quotes a passage for the purpose of criticising it, we would recommend to him rather to consult the original work, than any false and prejudiced misrepresentation of it."

a description of a religious procession, annually performed at Genoa, revived and protected by the king of Sardinia. The terms "Cristo nero" — "Cristo bianco," are taken from the royal and sacred program of the festival. The king of Sardinia stands accountable, and not the author, for this article, with which the immaculate of the Edinburgh has contaminated his pure pages. It may be added, that in page 3, vol. I., there is no such term as the "CHRISTIAN Church," it is "a weak invention of the enemy's"—for the pages alluded to by numbers, they are the best refutations of the whole charge, and to them the public is referred.*

"6. PREMEDITATED PERVERSION OF FACTS.—This is a grave and serious crimination, and the proof shall be as complete as the vice here indicated is odious and revolting. Our first example shall be from p. 12 of Vol. I. 'Francis (I.) when a prisoner in Spain, and weary of confinement, pledged his honour to the emperor that he would return if permitted to visit his dominions. When he reached the frontiers of France, he burst into a fit of laughter at Charles' credulity, and arriving at Paris built a little pavilion, and calling it Madrid, took possession of it, with *Me voici à Madrid.*' Now this story is as false as it is ridiculous, and what is more, lady Morgan cannot but know that it is false. Will any human being that is in the smallest degree acquainted with history, believe in the 'credulity' of the emperor Charles V., or that he would have been the dupe of such an artifice as that recorded above?"

For the violation of the pledged oath of Francis the First, and the Pope's absolving him from it, Robertson Muller and Sismondi, may be adduced as evidences; and the main fact being established, the episode of the Pavilion, even if apocry-

phal and given on insufficient authority, would have been no grave offence; but the anecdote of the *Pavillon de Madrid* is as notorious as the existence of the *Pavillon Marson*, and it is possible the reviewer may know as much of one as the other.

"Of the same freedom," he continues, "with historical facts, we have another example in page 26, Vol. I.

"The French army, under Louis XIV. became the slavish agent of the most egotistical ambition; and the excesses permitted to his troops diminished their popularity, and corrupted their discipline. The disasters which closed and disgraced his reign left the people discontented and the troops degraded. The military system continued to degenerate under Louis XV. The foreign foe was the least formidable enemy the army found to encounter. The battle of Fontenoy was nearly lost, because forty thousand men were left beyond the reach of cannon-shut to guard the person of the king, and his ambulating harem. The councils of war, held in the king's cabinet, were presided by his mistresses, and governed by courtiers, whose interest it was to counteract the unhappy commander, who could do nothing without the court."

"We had lately occasion to consult, with reference to an historical enquiry, nearly every thing that had been written on the subject of the battle of Fontenoy; and even in the periodical publications of 1744 and 1745, many of which were in the hands of the mortal enemies of the French monarch, we never found the least hint of such an absurd and monstrous piece of conduct as the king hazarding the loss of the battle, by retaining 40,000 men to guard himself and his 'Ambulating Harem.' We disbelieve the story *in toto* as inconsistent, both with authentic history, and with itself; and we aver that an author of any veracity would never have produced it unless accompanied and fortified by the most undoubted authority."

To this the author replies, that military campaigns and periodical publications of the day are not the works where anecdotes of courts and cabinets, and the tender indiscretions of kings, are to be found. And she refers for her authorities to the numerous Mémoires of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth. The "story," and much more curious matter than she has dared to bring forward, will be found in the "Mémoires Historiques et Anecdotes de la Cour de France du temps de Mad. Pompadour," and in a work of much higher character, by Mons. Du Clos,

Historiographer of France, and Member of the Académie Française — his well known "Mémoires secrets sur les Règnes de Louis quatorze et Louis quinze." As to the "story" of the *Ambulating Harem*, which is "disbelieved entirely," faith must be involuntary; but of the fact there are but too many evidences—some of them are melancholy enough. The beautiful though unfortunate duchess de Chateauroux was the sultana of this *Ambulating Harem*. She had taken Agnes Sorel as her model, and urged the king to join the army, whither she accompanied him with most of the ladies of the court: the *queen only*, and her few faithful friends, being denied this distinction. At Metz, the king was seized with a distemper supposed to be mortal; the bishops (one of them a Fitzjames) and the Jesuits who surrounded the couch of the royal invalid, insisted on the removal of the duchess, and the king permitted a *lettre de cachet* to be issued against the unfortunate woman he had seduced from innocent obscurity. The king recovered, dismissed his bishops, and took back his mistress! who shortly after died by poison—the fate of her younger sister and predecessor in guilt, and in the affections of Louis the Fifteenth.† Should the reviewer

* Of this very curious work, Baron Grimm observes, "On ne saurait douter de l'autorité de cet ouvrage; il tient un milieu fort intéressant entre le genre des mémoires particulières, et celui d'une histoire générale."

† The eldest sister, Madame de Mailly, had preceded the two others, and, horrible to say, shared the guilty honours lavished on the youngest, Madame de Vintemille, who was said to have been poisoned by Cardinal Fleury—a probable calumny, though he was her declared enemy. Madame de Mailly died in penitence, and in despair, ordering her remains to be buried near a common drain, as unworthy a more honourable sepulchre. Such was the atrocious profligacy of the court of Louis the Fifteenth, even before the reigns of the Pompadours and the Du Barry's—and such the fate of the sultanas of that *ambulating harem*, of whom the reviewer could find nothing in the account he read of the battle of Fontenoy, or in the periodical publications of the years 1744-45.—But it has been long held out to such flimsy critics, as a warning, that "a little reading is a dangerous thing"—sooner, or later, presumption is inevitably found out.

* In reply to these charges of immorality, &c., once for all, I appeal from the reviewers to the works themselves. Let me be judged by what I have written, and not by the commentaries of my enemies, or the dislocated and insulated passages they choose to put forward for their own purposes. It is somewhat singular that these zealous advocates for public decency, there are few (whose names and histories are known) whose lives will justify their hypocritical pretensions, and who have not, at some period of their literary existence, been guilty of the very sins they so eagerly attempt to fix on the opponents of their newly-adopted politics.

in the *royal* Edinburgh Magazine startle at such *royal* anecdotes as these, and cry—

“A flourish! trumpets, strike alarm,
drums,
Let not the heavens hear this tell-tale
woman
Rail on the Lord’s anointed!”

I must refer him to the pleasantest of all works, written by the best of all Tories, the Stuart loving Evelyn—there are stories of royal nairoms, stationary and ambulatory, to make his hair stand on end! For what is a French king carrying his mistress to the wars, to a king of England taking him with him to church? Evelyn, a better authority than *periodical publications of the day*, describes Charles the Second receiving the sacrament with his natural sons, in the presence of their various mothers, whom he (Evelyn) so often and so quaintly calls “these cattle.”

(To be continued.)

LE SOLITAIRE.

Concluded from page 797.

Charles VII. reigned in France, and peace was at length restored to his unfortunate kingdom, which had long been a prey to the ravages of war. The Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI. eager to gain possession of the throne, for the second time conspired against his parent. His plot was, however, speedily detected, and Louis fled to the court of my father, Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy.

Philip, who hated Charles VII., received the fugitive with all the honours due to the heir presumptive to the crown of France. I was then in the dawn of life. The artful and treacherous French prince bore on his countenance the impress of virtue and sincerity. In my eyes he stood acquitted of all the crimes laid to his charge. I regarded Charles VII. as an unnatural monster, and the Dauphin as the noble victim of persecution.

Of all the noblemen of the court of Burgundy, I was most attached to the Count de Saint-Maur. He had guided my first steps in the field of glory, and was the companion of all my pleasures. A profound observer of human nature, he had penetrated the character of the Dauphin, and warned me of his perfidy; but I was offended at his suspicions. He lost my confidence, and, to the trea-

cherous and disloyal prince, I sacrificed the sincere and devoted friend.

About this period Baron de Herstall presented, at the court of Philip, his daughter Irena, the sole heiress of her relative the rich Duchess d’Arville. Irena, the most brilliant beauty of the court of Burgundy, immediately became the object of universal homage. I shared the general enthusiasm; for I had not yet seen Elodie. Irena appeared to me a paragon of perfection, and I mistook admiration for love.

Charles VII. died, and Louis being called to the throne, I left Irena, and proceeded to France in the suite of the new sovereign. Lewis loaded me with magnificent presents; but they were the gifts of a sovereign to his vassal. In vain I sought for the friend, I found only the monarch. “Count de Charolais,” said he one day, presenting me with a sealed paper, “I wish to intrust to you the government of Normandy. Here is your commission. To morrow you must depart for Rouen, where I hope you will continue to merit the confidence and bounty of your King.” He left me petrified with amazement and indignation. In the first transport of rage, I was about to reject the insulting commission with disdain; but the Count de Saint-Maur, who had accompanied me to Paris, succeeded in changing my determination. Through his interposition I was prevailed on to quit Paris, and accept the command of Normandy.

Louis had already given me proofs of his indifference; it was not long ere he evinced his hatred. Some years previous to the death of Charles VII., I had known the duke of Brittany. A youthful rivalry had armed us against each other. I had defeated the duke in single combat, and Louis was aware of our mutual enmity. No sooner was I installed in my post at Normandy, than the King of France resolved to send thither a lieutenant, charged with extraordinary powers, rendering null those of the governor; and this lieutenant was no other than the Duke of Brittany.

At this new affront my rage knew no bounds; the Count de Saint-Maur a second time appeased me. But while he condemned the just indignation of virtuous mind, he unconsciously taught me the art of dissimulation. He stifled those seeds

of enthusiasm and loyalty, which, had they been freely developed, might have produced glorious fruits; and the voice of prudence impelled me on to the commission of crime.

Surrounded by the vile agents of the Duke of Brittany, the poignard of the assassin daily threatened my life, and ere long, the poisoned cup had nearly terminated my existence. My youth and strength, however, triumphed even over the effects of powerful poison; and no human power could now repress my fury. I proclaimed Louis XI. a felon, a traitor, and a murderer. I denounced him to the horror of earth and the vengeance of Heaven; and disdainfully resigning his detested commission, I flew to arm Burgundy against France.

Summoned by my cry of war and vengeance, the most illustrious chiefs of the French kingdom rose against Louis XI. At the head of a victorious army I marched to the combat. The troops of Louis speedily retreated before the standard of Burgundy. On all sides victory crowned my footsteps. Overthrowing every obstacle, I soon reached the gates of Paris, and astonished Europe already conferred on the Count de Charolais the surname of *Charles the Bold*.

I besieged Paris. Louis retired from his capital; but, secretly addressed to me a letter, calling to mind our former friendship. He implored an interview, and, relying on my loyalty, declared his determination to proceed unguarded to my camp.

“My force was stationed at Berry; the remains of the royal army were drawn up on the opposite bank of the Seine. In a small boat the French monarch crossed the river, and landed alone among his enemies. This proof of his confidence amazed and delighted me. I once more beheld the Dauphin whom I had so devotedly loved. He was no longer Louis XI., but the dear companion of my youth. I flew to meet him, and received him with a warm embrace. The King, availing himself of this generous enthusiasm, obtained peace on easy terms; the treaty of Conflans was signed, and triumphantly escorted by Louis as far as Villiers-le-Bel, I resumed the road to Burgundy.

“It was not long ere Louis XI.

openly violated the treaty of Conflans. Having planted the seeds of discord among the rival sovereigns, he no longer feared a confederation, and openly manifested his want of faith. The states of the duke of Burgundy were filled with the emissaries of the king of France. The city of Dinan rose in open rebellion, and my father placed a force under my command to besiege the fortress. Such was the result of the treaty of Conflans! Such the price of my loyalty and the reward of a magnanimous action!

"The city of Dinan resisted for some time, and at length a general assault was determined on. Then, but too late, the inhabitants of Dinan saw the abyss which their own madness had prepared for them. They surrendered at discretion, and I took possession of the fortress. I awaited the decision of my father; Philip decreed the ruin of the insurgent city, and pronounced sentence of death on the inhabitants.

"Here commenced the horrors and cruelties of my life. I obeyed the orders of my father. Except the old men, women and children, whom I banished from the town, all the inhabitants of Dinan were put to the sword. Bound two by two, eight hundred of the principal rebels were drowned in the Meuse, and the city, after being pillaged, was destroyed by fire. Philip died shortly after this fatal siege, and my accession to the throne of Burgundy was marked by an odious murder. O Elodie! my pen refuses to continue this horrible narrative; but none of my crimes must be concealed from you.

"I repaired to Dijon, where Louis had once more succeeded in stirring up discontent. Forced to levy new imposts and to assemble new troops, I was about to commence another war, when symptoms of insurrection were manifested in my capital, and even in my army. The count de Saint-Maur, the chief of my forces, who was no less adored by the military than by the people, blamed my resolutions, and opposed my plan of again commencing war. Yet the enemy who attacked me had violated his treaties, and betrayed his most solemn oath. Sensible of the wrongs I had experienced, I turned an angry ear to the counsels of Saint-Maur. The count immediate-

ly tendered his resignation. 'How!' I exclaimed, on seeing him depart, 'Saint-Maur professed to be my friend, and he abandons me in the hour of danger!'—A sudden clamour without the walls of the palace, announced some popular commotion; my guards opposed the rebels. Among the vociferations of the assailants, I heard the cry of *Death to the tyrant! Live Saint-Maur!* Accustomed to the treacheries of friendship, I doubted not that the count was another Louis. Followed by a few knights I rushed out to join my defenders. In the hall of the palace, I met Saint-Maur, and, pointing to him, exclaimed to my followers, 'There is the chief of the rebels!' Saint-Maur was instantly surrounded by my barbarous satellites, and received a deadly wound!—Elodie! your noble father fell lifeless at my feet! but I call Heaven to witness that my hand was not stained with his blood.

"Tranquillity was at length restored in my capital. My people every where received me with enthusiasm. A brilliant court was assembled around me. I again beheld Irena, and the beautiful heiress of Aroville resumed her ascendancy over my heart. I surrounded the daughter of Herstall with all the seductions of glory and love. I promised to lead her to the altar as soon as political affairs would permit me. I vowed eternal constancy; Irena believed me, and, leaving the protection of her father, fled to one of my chateaux in a remote part of Burgundy.

"Every day brought to light some new perfidy of Louis. At length he presumed formally to annul the treaty of Conflans, under pretence that it had been forced upon him by violence and rebellion. Edward, king of England, proposed to unite his forces to mine, and to oppose the perfidious monarch, while at the same time he offered me the hand of his sister, Margaret of York. Love forbade this brilliant union; but the interests of my people strongly called for it. Unable to resist the imperative appeals of policy and ambition, Irena was sacrificed, and I received the hand of the English princess. In spite of my precautions, Irena discovered my perfidy. She immediately fled from her retreat; all my inquiries

were fruitless, and her fate remained a mystery.

"I now declared open war against Louis, entered the frontiers of his kingdom, and commenced hostilities. Incredibly as it may appear, the French king, apprehensive of the issue of the contest, a second time addressed a conciliatory letter to his former friend. He again demanded a private interview, and Charles had the weakness to grant his request. Louis XI., as before, repaired to my camp unarmed and undefended; already his irresistible art had in some measure justified his treachery, when a courier brought me the intelligence that Liege was in a state of insurrection; and I now learned that on the very day when Louis had written to me to implore an interview, he had sent off an urgent dispatch inciting Liege to rise in arms against me.

"My rage knew no bounds. Louis was in my power; and I overwhelmed him with my execrations. In vain he protested his innocence, in vain he swore that, far from having stirred up rebellion in Liege, he was ready himself to march thither to quell the insurgents. I ordered the monarch to prison, and abandoned him to his remorse. It would now have been an easy task to have rendered myself master of the states of my captive. The perfidy of Louis XI. would have justified his punishment. France would have admired the enterprising conqueror, and the stains of treason and usurpation would have been effaced by the laurels of victory.

"But I still possessed sufficient vigour to contend against the powers of iniquity. I resisted the temptation, and repairing to the apartment of my prisoner, 'If your protestations of innocence be sincere,' I exclaimed, 'I swear that you are instantly ready to follow me to quell the rebellion of Liege!' Louis XI. solemnly pronounced the oath I required. Peace was sworn on the *Cross of Charlemagne*. The king of France, like a humble vassal, marched to battle under my standard, and my army was speedily triumphant before the walls of Liege.

"About this period I remarked, among the heroes of Burgundy, the young count de Norindall. Egbert appeared worthy to become my

companion in arms. I loaded him with honours; Egbert perceived that I loved him, and his attachment to his prince amounted to adoration.

"On the banks of the Meuse, not far from the beleaguered city, followed by Egbert and a few knights, I was one evening crossing a thick forest. Having missed my way, I directed my course towards a light which glimmered in the window of an old mansion. I requested a night's lodging for myself and my followers. The owner of the mansion, I was informed, was absent, but the servants received us with the utmost readiness. I was shown into a spacious apartment, where, overcome with fatigue, I threw myself on a bed, and fell into a profound sleep. A sudden noise, however, soon aroused me. By the dim light of a lamp, almost extinguished, I observed something moving behind the gloomy tapestry of the apartment. In a moment I beheld issuing from the tapestry, a female figure, arrayed in white, veiled from head to foot, and holding a lamp in her hand. Advancing towards me, she threw aside her veil, and raising the lamp to her face, which presented the disfigured remains of exquisite beauty. 'Recognize if you can,' said she, the young and beauteous heiress of Arovile!'—'Irena!' I exclaimed, suddenly starting from my couch.—'Follow me!' she said, and leading me through a secret passage, she speedily entered a vast circular chamber, hung with black, and lighted with funeral tapers. The daughter of Herstall advanced towards a coffin, which stood in the centre of the apartment, surmounted by a canopy of black. She gently raised the coffin-lid; I approached, and with horror beheld the dead body of an infant. 'He sleeps,' said Irena, in a bewildered tone, 'young and noble son of Burgundy. Peace be with his innocent spirit!'—She gazed steadfastly on me for some moments; and then, with a convulsive laugh, closed the coffin, extinguished the tapers, and disappeared. I uttered a cry of horror, called on Irena, and, after having groped my way through several obscure galleries, I fell senseless on the ground.

"On recovering, I found myself surrounded by Egbert and my knights, whom my cries had drawn

to the spot. Fortunately none of my followers had discovered the funeral rotunda, and the event remained a profound secret to all but myself.

"I now ordered a general assault on the fortifications of Liege. I was myself one of the first to enter the breach, and, frantic with rage and despair, I dealt desolation on every side. It was reserved for the barbarous Charles of Burgundy to present to the world the horrible spectacle of the massacre of an immense population, who had fled to the churches, and were on their knees imploring the mercy of the conqueror.

"Louis XI. now claimed his liberty, which I immediately granted, and he returned to his capital. But, Oh! masterpiece of treachery! the king of France whom I had so often pardoned, convoked an assembly of notables, before whom he summoned me to appear, as a traitor and a felon. Then by a decree of the court of peers, he declared me to be convicted of the crime of high treason!

"I once more collected my forces, and obtained another signal victory over Louis. My territories were at this time considerably augmented. I was one of the most powerful princes of the continent. Flanders and Holland were in my possession, and I now cast an envious eye on Lorraine. René had already threatened my frontiers. I attacked his force, besieged Nanci, and entered the city in triumph.

"Overwhelmed with the favours of victory, I thought myself invincible. I resolved to make myself master of a portion of Switzerland. Informed of my project, the Swiss canons prepared for a vigorous defence. I, however, advanced with blind confidence. The mountainers assembled on these inaccessible peaks, hurled down huge fragments of rock upon their enemies. My troops in vain attempted to pass the defile; the foremost ranks were thrown into confusion, and a general rout was the consequence. Once more I rallied my forces. In a fit of desperation, disdainfully rejecting the advice of my friends, in spite of the advantageous position of the Swiss troops, and the immense superiority of their numbers, I resolved on risking an engagement.

The remains of my army perished on the banks of Lake Morat. There, with the bones of my unfortunate countrymen, a terrific monument has been raised, which will attest to future ages my madness and my crimes.

"Aided by the king of France, the duke of Lorraine had retaken Nanci. Egbert and a few followers still remained faithful to me. It was still in my power to levy a few battalions. Amidst the rigours of a piercing winter, I marched to the capital of Lorraine. With a slender force, almost exhausted by fatigue and privation, I gave battle to René, before the walls of Nanci. The issue of the battle was not long doubtful. But few of the troops of Burgundy survived the assault; and Charles the Bold, desperately wounded, was thrown into a neighbouring pond.

"Meanwhile the report of my death was every where spread and believed. But I still survived; one of my own pages preserved my life. Wishing to save my remains from falling into the hands of the enemy, he dragged me to a hut in a neighbouring forest; after a few hours I opened my eyes, like a man roused from a long lethargy. I gazed steadfastly on my liberator, who stood at the head of my bed anxiously watching my return to life. By degrees, I recovered my recollection, and listened, without emotion, to the recital of my late defeat; then seizing the hand of my faithful page, 'Swear,' I said, 'to execute faithfully the order which I am now about to give you!'—He solemnly promised to do as I should require, and I thus continued:—'René, you say, believes that I no longer live. I wish henceforth to be dead to the world. My resolution is fixed. Return immediately to the field of battle. Select from among the dead troops of Burgundy, a soldier whose form and stature resembles mine; clothe him in my habiliments; disfigure his features; cover him with wounds; drag him to the pond whence you had just rescued me; and then, to certify my death, deliver up my remains to the conqueror.' The page faithfully executed my commands; the duke of Lorraine ordered a magnificent funeral for the unknown soldier who represented Charles the Bold, and

I was no longer numbered with the living.

"Speedily cured of my wounds, I repaired to Lake Morat, where I saw the mountaineers engaged in constructing the famous bone-house. I turned away with horror. The Wild Mountain appeared before me. Ancient traditions rendered it an object of terror to the vulgar! This seemed a suitable retreat for the man who wished to shun mankind. On this mountain an old hermit had built a hut; I took possession of the forsaken dwelling, and with the view of preventing all human approach to the hermitage, I contrived, by certain stratagems, to confirm more strongly than ever the superstitions which the peasantry attached to the Wild Mountain.

"I was possessed of some riches, which I diffused among the poor inhabitants of the country. All blessed the Recluse, while the Recluse vented imprecations on himself; the consoler of Underlach possessed an inconsolable heart; and my return to virtue was too late to be a return to happiness. In every hamlet I visited, in every cottage I entered, I heard the name of Elodie pronounced with gratitude and admiration. I secretly traced your steps; I saw you—and love, like another thunderbolt of Heaven, added a new torture to the accumulated miseries of my life.

"After our interview in the gallery of the chapel, fearing lest my impure breath should pollute the abode of Elodie, I cautiously avoided the monastery, which was soon visited by the Count de Norindall. Among his followers was the page to whom I owed my life; he repaired to my retreat, and informed me of the proposed union between Egbert and the Princess of Lorraine. I also learned from the same source, Egbert's proposal to you, and your refusal; his departure, and his plan for carrying you off. Elodie! what must have been your surprise, when, at the bridge of the torrent, the Count de Norindall recognized Charles the Bold, and taking him for a phantom, fell on his knees before his brother in arms! Ah! our interview at the Wild Mountain will never be effaced from my memory! I confessed to him my passion for the orphan of the Monastery—and I had the courage to require him to make the most

cruel sacrifice. The magnanimous Egbert threw himself at my feet—'Charles,' he exclaimed, 'I swear never to betray your secrets; I forever renounce Elodie. To you I sacrifice my love—my happiness.'

"Faithful to his oath, the Count de Norindall immediately quitted Switzerland. One day, as I was seated in my hermitage, wrapt in gloomy reveries, my door suddenly opened, and I beheld—Herstall. I rose to receive him, but the old man uttered a cry of horror—he recognized Charles the Bold! I threw myself at his feet and implored his forgiveness. Herstall turned from me with indignation. 'Assassin of my brother!' he exclaimed, 'murderer of my Irene!—hope not for my forgiveness! Monster! is thy relentless heart not yet satiated with horrors? Would you seduce my Elodie? Wretch! know that between her and thee lies the cold tomb of Frena—the bleeding corse of Saint-Maur.' He fled, and left me petrified with horror. The last words of the venerable old man resounded in my ear like the condemnation of avenging Heaven.

"In this dreadful situation I remained for a whole week, at the expiration of which I learned the death of Herstall. I trembled lest Elodie should regard me as the murderer of her adopted father. I repaired to the park of the monastery. Singular destiny! At the tomb of the old man, who had loaded me with imprecations, the first ray of hope beamed on me, and I found that I was beloved.

"Being informed of the intrigues and conspiracies of Palzo, through the medium of Egbert, I communicated the intelligence to the court of Lorraine. On the very day of your departure for Nanci, in company with the Countess, I discovered the plot formed by the rebels for delivering their captive chief. During the combat which ensued at the foot of the Terrible Peak, the appearance of the Bleeding Phantom diffused terror among the credulous mountaineers. Clothed in a mantle of scarlet, my presence put to flight the insurgent troops; I slew the perfidious Palzo, and rescued Elodie.

"I here close my dreadful confessions. Have I yet drained the cup of misfortune? Daughter of

Saint-Maur, I await my doom. Whatever it be, pronounce it fearlessly. If Charles be condemned you shall never see him more; if he be absolved—Oh, Elodie! dare I indulge the thought—can I presume to dream of happiness?—I may, perhaps, hope for the pardon of Heaven! but, dare I expect a reward?"

Elodie had finished reading the manuscript. In spite of his errors, how magnanimous appeared to her that hero before whom the world once trembled!—that hero who had now renounced the world! How odious had been his crimes! but how deep was his repentance!—The victorious Charles, invested with the purple, was only a fortunate prince; but Charles, on the desert mountain, voluntarily stripped of his glories, and supporting life in the lowest degree of humility, seemed to her superior to human nature.

The anger of Heaven was appeased; could Elodie be an inflexible judge?—No; her resolution was fixed. With a firm hand, as if fulfilling a sacred duty, she traced a few lines, and deposited them in the hollow trunk of the old willow tree. She counted the moments with impatience. Proud of having become the sole consolation of the famed Prince of Burgundy, for whose ambition the conquered universe would once have been insufficient, she enjoyed in anticipation the transports which her letter could not fail to produce. At length the Recluse appeared.—Elodie confessed the sentiments of her heart, and the happy Duke of Burgundy could scarce give credit to the excess of his felicity.

All the plans of Charles were approved by Elodie. It was determined that the Duke of Burgundy should still remain concealed from the world; but his solitary abode would henceforth be blessed by the presence of his beloved Elodie: The daughter of Saint-Maur hastened in search of Anselmo. The old man received her with tears of joy. She related to him the history of her deliverance. Except the name and the secrets of the Recluse, Elodie concealed nothing from her venerable friend.

At every word uttered by Elodie the surprise of Anselmo increased. The energy and enthusiasm of her manner convinced him that the ex-

ile of the mountain was, indeed, a man of illustrious birth; and he promised, on the following day, secretly to join the hands of the Recluse and his bride.

The wounds of Egbert were already healed. Charles had once more seen his brother in arms, and informed him of his happiness. Of what sacrifice was not the generous Count de Norindall capable!—He promised to accompany to the altar the man who was for ever to separate him from Elodie!

The wax tapers in the chapel were lighted, and incense was burning in vases of gold. Elodie and Charles knelt at the foot of the altar. Egbert, pale and dejected, stood near them. Anselmo, with a severe and penetrating glance, fixed his eye first on Charles with suspicion, and then on Elodie with pity. The ceremony commenced. The pastor of Underlach advanced towards the lovers and in a solemn tone inquired of the mysterious bridegroom what name and titles he bore among men. The Recluse trembled, as if dreading to reply; and at length, with a faltering voice, pronounced the words—“Charles of Burgundy.”

Anselmo shrank with horror from the altar. His knees trembled beneath him, and covering his face with his hands, he stood for a few moments in awful silence. Then, as if suddenly inspired, he raised his clasped hands, and with eyes flashing fire, “Charles of Burgundy!” he exclaimed—“scourge of mankind! what power has raised thee from the tomb!—Murderer of Saint-Maur! wouldest thou presume, at the altar of the Almighty, to offer thy blood-stained hand to the daughter of thy victim?—Fly, monster! and no longer profane this sacred temple with thy odious presence! In the name of Heaven, I here raise my voice to pronounce an anathema on the sanguinary, the sacrilegious, the impious Charles!”

At that moment the sky became overcast, the earth shook. The violence of the wind shivered the old windows of the chapel; the tapers were extinguished, and the bell of the convent steeple, agitated by the storm, sounded an awful peal. Elodie recognized the fatal tolling that had succeeded her first vow of love in the vault of the chapel.—“There is the nuptial benediction!” she ex-

claimed, and immediately fell senseless on the steps of the altar. The wretched Duke of Burgundy seemed seized with the shivering of death. His eye was fixed, his limbs became stiff, and for some moments he was deprived of sense and thought.

On recovering, he found himself supported by the Count de Norindall. He turned to look for Elodie; but Anselmo had conveyed her to the abbey, and the chapel was now deserted. Egbert conveyed the prince to his solitary abode on the Wild Mountain, where he administered to him the consolations of hope. The Duke of Burgundy recovered his reason, but the most mournful dejection was imprinted on his features. During his life, Charles had exhausted all the complaints of sorrow, all the raging of despair, and his calmness now exhibited the last degree of suffering.

Two days elapsed, and the Count de Norindall had heard no news from the abbey. At length he thought he heard a footprint on the path leading to the hermitage. He hastily descended the mountain; vain expectation!—Egbert returned in despair to the hut—but the prince had disappeared!

The Duke of Burgundy was already beyond the torrent. He crossed the valley, and entered the garden of the abbey. Through the subterraneous passage, which had formerly conducted him to the presence of Elodie, Charles again introduced himself into the chapel.—Heavens! what a spectacle did he behold!—The chapel was illuminated as on a festival day, and white draperies decorated its ancient walls. Near the altar was a magnificent funeral bed, surmounted by a canopy of dazzling white. Wreaths of flowers drooped in festoons round the catafalque. The Duke of Burgundy advanced towards the throne of death, and beheld, on the silent couch, the maid of Underlach stretched in the sleep of eternity. He drew aside the veil which covered the features of Elodie. How beautiful she looked!—Crowned with a wreath of white roses, she seemed to smile at death. White as transparent alabaster, her eyelids appeared to be closed in gentle slumber; her delicate hand held a bouquet of lilies, which she pressed to her bosom. For a few moments

Charles gazed with wild rapture on the lifeless image. He then gently raised in his arms the remains of his beloved Elodie, as if fearful of disturbing her slumber, and bore her from the chapel, like Alcides conveying Alceste from the shades of Hell.

He repaired to the Wild Mountain. In the rock, near the hermitage, there was a hollow closed by a huge stone. Charles had not hitherto known for what this mysterious cavity was destined; it was now to become the grave of beauty and innocence.

The Duke of Burgundy knelt beside the cold remains of his bride, and seizing a ringlet of her long, fair hair, “Elodie!” he exclaimed, “grant me this—it will be the first and the last gift of love.”—He placed the ringlet next his heart, and, removing the stone, deposited the corpse in the sepulchre of nature. As he finally closed the tomb, “Adieu!” he exclaimed, “Oh fairest creation of Heaven!—Repose tranquilly in the grave of love. Adieu! for ever—Elodie!”

His voice faltered. His noble brow reclined against the rock.—He uttered a dismal groan.—Heaven, at that moment, cast an eye of pity on the wretched Duke of Burgundy;—his sufferings were ended! Charles was no more!

Long after the death of Elodie and the Recluse, a knight of the court of Lorraine, travelling through Switzerland, visited the valley of Underlach. He heard of the Man of the Wild Mountain, whose name still continued unknown, but whose bounties remained engraven on all hearts; and the peasantry of the surrounding country almost worshipped the memory of the Lady of the Abbey.

The traveller was informed that a hermit then inhabited the solitary hut of the Recluse. Anxious to visit the mysterious retreat, he ascended the Wild Mountain, and perceived an anchorite, in the attitude of prayer leaning against a fragment of rock. Fearing to disturb his pious devotions, he did not venture to approach; but soon the stiff and motionless appearance of the holy man roused his curiosity. He advanced towards him, and found that the hermit had ceased to live! It appeared, however, that he had been only a short time dead, as

the body still retained some degree of warmth.

The knight attentively examined the features of the anchorite; he thought he recognized them, though disfigured by the effects of privation and sorrow. He raised the black mantle of the hermit; in his bosom was a ringlet of fair hair bathed in tears; but a well known decoration, suspended from his neck, instantly banished every doubt. The warrior uttered an exclamation of surprise—"Oh! my first companion in arms!" he exclaimed; "Oh, my beloved chief!—is it thus we meet?"—

The knight had recognized Count Egbert de Norindall.

Lord Byron's New Tragedy of FOSCARI.

The arrival of three new tragedies in this country, from lord Byron, has already been announced by us in our literary notices, but whether or not they be intended for immediate publication, is a point which we are quite unable to decide. The names of these dramas have not as yet publicly transpired, although they have been whispered abroad during the last fortnight, pretty generally, in fashionable blue stocking routs and select literary coteries. The hero of one of these pieces is said to be FOSCARI, son of the doge of that name, who was unjustly banished by the Venetian senate, after having been cruelly tortured, for a crime of which he appears to have been entirely innocent. Rogers, in his *Pleasures of Memory*, thus alludes to the catastrophe:

" Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh,
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die;
For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate—
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey—
When reason, justice, vainly urg'd his cause,
For this he rous'd her sanguinary laws—
Glad to return, though hope could grant
no more,
And chains and torture bailed him to the shore."

Aware that a notice of any subject which has employed the pen of lord Byron cannot fail of proving interesting to our readers, we hasten to

lay before them some account of the circumstances from which his lordship's tragedy of Foscari will, in all probability, have been constructed. A multiplicity of allusions to this melancholy story are to be met with in the volumes of the various historians and travellers who have made Venice the subject of their disquisitions; but the most copious and correct version of the circumstances will be found in Dr. Moore's *Travels in Italy*, from which we have principally derived the materials for the following notice:—

The governments of Venice have ever been proverbially severe in the execution of their laws, without respect either to the rank or situation of the supposed delinquent; and, in order that they might be carried into effect with the utmost rigour, they appointed magistrates, whose particular province it was to see that the judges did not exhibit, towards the presumed culprit, the slightest marks of clemency or indulgence. In the case of the council from whom Foscari received his condemnation, however, the situations of these superinducers of relentless severity would seem to have been sinecures; for the inflexibility of the Venetian senate needed no spur on this memorable occasion.

Foscari, son of the doge of that name, having offended the senate of Venice by the commission of some juvenile imprudences in that city, was, by their orders, put into temporary confinement at Treviso; when Almor Donato, one of the Council of Ten, was assassinated on the 5th of November, 1750, as he entered his own house.

A reward, in ready money, with pardon for that and any other crime, and a pension of two hundred ducats, revertible to children, was promised to any person who should be the means of bringing the perpetrator of this crime to justice. No such discovery, however, resulted from this proposal.

The apprehension of Foscari and one of his servants, upon the slightest and most unsatisfactory evidence, was the next step of the council. This young nobleman's footman had been observed loitering near Donato's palace on the night of the murder; conscious, probably, that this solitary circumstance would

give rise to his apprehension, and, dreading the unappeasable fury of his judges, Olivier (for that was the man's name) fled from Venice the next morning. This act, combined with other trifling coincidences, created a strong suspicion, that Foscari had employed his servant to commit the murder.

After seizing Olivier, and putting him to the most cruel tortures, without extracting from him any thing but repeated protestations of his total ignorance of the transaction, the Council of Ten cited his master Foscari before them, and treated him in the same barbarous and unjustifiable manner. His assertions of innocence, while under the endurance of the rack, were but slightly attended to by his merciless judges. "They convinced (says Dr. Moore) the court of his firmness, but, by no means, of his innocence." Still, however, they could not sentence to death the son of one of the noblest families in Venice, without something like a legal proof of his guilt. They accordingly satisfied their thirst of vengeance for the assassination of their colleague, by banishing him to Candia, in the island of Candia.

With the Romeo of our immortal poet, banishment from his family and friends would appear to have been considered by Foscari as a punishment to which death had been preferable; although we do not learn that he left behind him any fair Juliet, whose lamentations embittered still farther a doom already sufficiently severe. We trust, however, that his lordship will, with his usual discrimination, have supplied a feature which could not fail of conducting, in an important degree, to the interest of his tragedy, for, as he himself has sagaciously remarked of women, *

" All know, without the sex, our sonnets
Would seem unfinish'd like their untrimm'd bonnets."

But, to proceed with our relation: "The unfortunate youth (says the author of *Zeteuco*) bore his exile with more impatience than he had done the rack; he often wrote to his relations and friends, praying them to intercede in his behalf, that the term of his banishment might be abridged, and that he might be permitted to return to his family before he died. All these applications were

fruitless; those to whom he addressed himself had never interfered in his favour, for fear of giving offence to the obdurate council, or had interfered in vain."

At the end of five years' exile, having given up all hope of return through the intercession of his own family or countrymen, he wrote to the duke of Milan, reminding him of services rendered to that prince by his father, and urging him to exert his powerful influence with the government of Venice, to obtain a remission of his sentence. This letter was intrusted to a merchant journeying from Canéa to that capital, who, instead of forwarding it, as he had faithfully promised, to the duke on his arrival at Venice, treacherously laid it before the chiefs of the Council of Ten.

It should here be premised, that, by the laws of the Venetian republic, its subjects were strictly enjoined, under the severest penalties, from applying secretly, or otherwise, for the protection of foreign princes, in any matters referring to the decisions of their own Court of Judicature. The consequence of the infringement of this edict in young Foscari, was, that he was immediately remanded from Candia, and incarcerated in the prison for state criminals at Venice; from whence, by an unwarrantable stretch of the prerogative of his judges, he was once more brought up to be put to the torture, in order to elicit from him the motives by which he had been actuated, in addressing the duke of Milan.

In answer to this inquiry, he declared, that, conscious of the perfidy of his messenger, as well as of the punishment that would, in all probability, follow his offence, in endeavouring to conciliate the good offices of a foreign prince, he had, in a fit of despair, addressed the duke of Milan, as he foresaw that it would occasion his removal to Venice, the only opportunity that was ever likely to be afforded him of obtaining an interview with his relatives and friends—a consummation which he protested he most ardently desired, although it were only to be purchased by his death.

This act of filial piety availed him but little with his inquisitors. He was ordered back to Candia, there to remain in close confinement for

the space of one year; besides which, his banishment from Venice to that place was made perpetual, and a threat held out to him, that if he solicited again in any way, either directly or indirectly, the aid of foreign princes, his imprisonment should only terminate with his life.

The father of Foscari had filled the office of doge for thirty years; but, notwithstanding the influence which so exalted a situation ought to have created for him with the senate, in a case of such flagrant injustice as the condemnation of his son, (without any proof, or even reasonable grounds for suspecting him of the offence which had been laid to his charge) he was unable to obtain from the council any remission of the young man's punishment. He, however, visited his son in the palace wherein he was confined during his stay at Venice, and, deploring in the most moving terms his inability to serve him, exhorted him to bear with fortitude the evil, however severe and undeserved, for which there was no remedy. The scene of Foscari's interview with his parents, for his mother was also present at this meeting, has, we doubt not, been pathetically dwelt upon by lord Byron. "His son replied, (says Dr. Moore) that he was incapable of attending to the advice of his father, that, however others could support the dismal loneliness of a prison, he could not; that his heart was formed for friendship and the reciprocal endearments of private life, without which his soul

sank into dejection worse than death, from which alone he should look for relief, if he should again be confined to the horrors of a prison; and, melting into tears, he sunk at his father's feet, imploring him to take compassion on a son who had ever loved him with the most dutiful affection, and who was perfectly innocent of the crime of which he was accused—he conjured him by every bond of nature and religion, by the bowels of a father and the mercy of a Redeemer, to use his influence with the council to mitigate the sentence, that he might be saved from the most cruel of all deaths, that of expiring under the slow tortures of a broken heart, in a horrible banishment from every creature he loved."

This affecting appeal rendered the grief of the unhappy father still more acute, who was well aware how fruitless would be his endeavours in his son's behalf. Unable to support the anguish of a separation under such distressing circumstances, the old man sunk into a state of insensibility, from which he did not recover until the vessel that was to bear his son once more into exile, had spread its sails for Candia. The grief of his aged consort has been movingly described by those who have taken upon themselves the record of this melancholy history. The overwhelming misery of these unfortunate parents, interested, at length, one or two of the most powerful of the senators, who applied with so much earnestness for the pardon of the young Foscari, that they were on the point of accomplishing their object, when information arrived from Candia, that the noble-hearted youth had expired in prison, a few months after his return.

It was not until some time had elapsed that the real murderer was discovered. Nicholas Erizzo, a Venetian of high rank, being a few years afterwards upon his death-bed, confessed that in revenge for a supposed affront, put upon him by the senator Donato, he had committed the assassination for which Foscari had, in a great measure, undergone the penalty.

Before this disclosure took place, the sorrows of the aged doge were at an end. He died a few months after his son. Although he is said to have relied confidently upon the innocence of his child, it is much to be deplored that he did not live until the odious stigma, which had been attached to his name and memory, was thus effectually removed.

Such is the story which lord Byron is said to have employed in the construction of one of his forthcoming tragedies. It is a subject which, however deficient it may be as it respects variety of incident, is nevertheless much more worthy of poetical illustration than the tiresome fretfulness of the superannuated doge, Faiero.

Besides a tragedy entitled *Cain*, and another, the name of which has not transpired, we have reason to believe that a translation of *Pulci*, by

lord Byron, has been received in this country for publication.*

SKETCHES OF THE LIVING BRITISH POETS.
By Leigh Hunt.

No. 4.—MR. COLERIDGE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in the year 1773 at St. Mary Ottery, in Devonshire, where his fa-

* Probably the *Morgante Maggiore*, a poem, written by Pulci, at the instigation of his princely patron, Lorenzo de Medici. Politian contributed so largely to this work, that it was for a long time currently reported to have proceeded exclusively from his pen. The author himself alludes to these obligations.

The last four cantos of Pulci's poem are formed immediately upon the model of Turpin's Chronicle; and consist of the battle of Roncesvalles, and an account of the vengeance of Charlemagne. For the preceding twenty-four cantos, the author is indebted entirely to his own prolific invention.

A great deal of discussion has arisen respecting the *Morgante Maggiore*. Some critics contending, that Pulci meant it for a burlesque, and others, that he intended it for a serious composition. Milton, whose acquaintance with Italian literature was very general, and whose opinion will at all times carry with it considerable weight, has decided that the poem is ludicrous. We quote his opinion on the subject:—

" And perhaps it was from that same politic drift that the devil whipt St. Jerome in a lenient dream, for reading Cicero; or else it was a fantasm bred by the feaver which had then seized him. For had an angel been his discipliner, unless it were for dwelling too much upon Ciceronianisms, and had chastized the reading and not the vanity, it had been plainly partial; first to correct him for grave Cicero and not for scurillous Plautus, whom he confesses to have been reading not long before; next to correct him only, and let so many more ancient fathers wax old in those pleasant and florid studies without the lash of such a tutouring apparition; insomuch that Basil teaches how some good use may be made of Margites, a sportive poem, not now extant, writ by Homer; and why not then of *Morgante*, an Italian romance much to the same purpose?"—Milton's *Areopagitica* a Speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing.—Prose Works, folio, 1697, p. 378.

As, however, the *Morgante Maggiore* abounds in passages of a burlesque as well as serious and even pathetic description, the champions for these contending opinions can all of them cite copiously in justification of their remarks.

ther, the Rev. John Coleridge, an eminent scholar, was vicar of the parish. He was grounded in classical learning at Christ-Hospital under the Rev. Mr. Bowyer, who, with a daringness of expression to which that learned person and pains-taking schoolmaster was not often excited, used to call him to mind as "that sensible fool, Coleridge." Mr. Coleridge, in his *Literary Life*, as well as Mr. Lamb in his Recollections of the School, has given a sufficiently grateful account of his old master; yet he informs us that he is apt to have dreams of him at night, to this hour, not very sooth-ing; and his account did not hinder it from being said after Mr. Bowyer's death, that it was lucky for the cherubim who bore the old gentle-man to heaven, that they had only heads and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way. At nineteen, Mr. Coleridge went to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he exhibited, we believe, equal indifference to university honour and power to obtain them. On his leaving college, his speculative susceptibility led him through a singular variety of adventures, some of which he has touched upon in his *Biographia Literaria*. He became a journalist, a preacher, a dragoon. In the second character he bewitched, among others, William Hazlitt, then on the look out for a "guide and philosopher." In the last, he astonished a party of ladies and gentlemen who were at an exhibition, by explaining a huge compound word from the Greek, by which the nature of it was made "dark with excessive bright" over the door. He had become in the mean time the head of a literary and speculative circle of young men consisting chiefly of Messrs. Lamb, Lloyd, Southey, and Lovell, of the two latter of whom he became the brother-in-law by their marrying three sisters at Bath. A project was formed to go with these ladies to America; and found a Pantisocracy, or system of equal government, in which every thing but the best was to be in common; but it did not take place. In 1798, the late pub-

An elegant poem, by J. H. Merivale, Esq. was written a few years ago, on the battle of Roncesvalles; and Wharton's quarto, on the same subject, is well known.

lic-spirited "Etrurians," Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood, enabled Mr. Coleridge to finish his studies of men and books in Germany, where he met Mr. Wordsworth, with whom he had lately become acquainted. At Hamburg they paid a visit to Klopstock. Klopstock complained of the English translation of his *Messiah*, and wished Mr. Coleridge "to revenge him" by versions of select passages. The thought was ingenious; but his visitor seems to have reckoned it not equally fair; for he concludes his interesting account of this interview, in the *Friend*, by saying, that when the pastor of the town called his countryman "the German Milton," he could not help muttering to himself "a very German Milton indeed!"—Mr. Coleridge was afterwards secretary, for about a year and a half, to Sir Alexander Ball, governor of Malta, of whom he gives so exalted, and, we dare say, so just a character in the work abovementioned. He then returned to England, and after living some time in the Lakes and other places, and publishing various pieces of prose and poetry, took up his abode at Highgate, where he seems to live like the scholar in Chaucer, who would rather have

At his bed's head
A twenty bokes, clothid in black and red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
Than robes rich, or fiddle, or psaultrie.

Mr. Coleridge was reckoned handsome when young. He is now "more fat than bard beseems," and his face does not strike at first sight; but the expression is kind, the forehead remarkably fine! and the eye, as you approach it, extremely keen and searching. It has been compared to Bacon's, who was said to have "an eye like a viper." At first, it seems reposing under the bland weight of his forehead.

The principal works of Mr. Coleridge are the *Friend*, a series of essays; *Remorse*, a tragedy; *Biographia Literaria*, or his *Literary Life*; *Lay Sermons, Theologico Political*; the poem of *Christabel*; and *Sibylline Leaves*, a collection of the greater part of his other poetical pieces, including the *Ancient Mariner*. We are acquainted with Mr. Coleridge's prose writings, but we have not a sufficient knowledge of them, nor perhaps sufficient know-

lege of any other kind, to pronounce upon their merits. Our general impression is, that they are very eloquent, imaginative, and subtle, more masterly in words than in the sum total of style, and more powerful in thoughts than in conclusions. In many passages, indeed, (we allude to his essays entitled the *Friend*,) it is impossible not to recognize that weakness of the will, or liability to the same amount of impression from all views of a question, which has been observed by a critic better able to speak of him, with this exception, which perhaps only proves the rule, that he is very fond of bringing whatever he likes in the speculations of other men, from the Father of the Church to the Pauthier, to assimilate with his notions of the Christian religion; while on the other hand he has a good handsome quantity of dislike for modern innovators, and refuses to make a harmony out of their "differences," which he thinks by no means "discreet." In other words, he is a deep thinker, and good natured indolent man, who, entrenched in his old books and habits, and grateful to them, all around for the occupation they have afforded his thoughts, is as glad to make them all agree at this dispassionate distance of time, as he is anxious not to have them disturbed by men who have not the same hold on his prejudices. This may account for his being numbered among those who have altered their opinions on the necessity of political change. Mr. Coleridge is prepared to argue, that he has *not* altered his opinions, nor even suppressed them; and though his arguments might appear strange to those who recollect such productions as the *Watchman*, he would go nigh to persuade thirty persons out of forty that he really had not—all which amounts perhaps to thus much, that he can fetch out of things, apparently the most discordant, their hidden principles of agreement; but not having been able to persuade people of the agreement when he was advocating political change, he turns upon them for their disidence, and would show them, with equal subtlety, that what he advocated was none of the change which they wanted, whatever they might have flattered themselves it was. In other words, his turn of mind

was too contemplative for action; and seeing that all the world would not become what he wished it, or the pure strength of ratiocination, he becomes, out of indolence, what Mr. Wordsworth became out of pride, and Mr. Southey out of vanity. But indolence, such as his, is a more disinterested and conscientious thing than pride and vanity; and accordingly he became neither a distributor of stamps, nor a poet-laureate. That those more active and consistent politicians, who were in some measure taught by himself, should be very angry with him, is extremely natural; but so were those consequences of his turn of mind, that produced their anger. He is all for thought and imagination, and nothing else. It might have been better had he been more active, just as it might have been better for Lord Bacon had his being all for experiment not tempted him to take leave of sentiment and imagination in trying to raise his paltry worldly greatness.

But let Mr. Coleridge have his due, which is seldom given to such abstract personages. He is a kind of unascetic Bramin among us, one who is always looking inwardly, and making experiments upon the nature and powers of his soul. Lord Bacon refused to license inquisitions of that nature, and said some hard things about cobwebs and dark keeping; but surely they are not only allowable to the few who are likely to indulge in them, but are also experiments after their kind, and may open worlds to us by and by, of which the philosopher no more dreams at present, than the politician did of Columbus'.

Mr. Coleridge speaks very modestly of his poetry—not affectedly so, but out of a high notion of the art of his predecessors. He delighted the late Mr. Keats, in the course of conversation, with adding, after he had alluded to it,—"if there is any thing I have written which may be called poetry;" and the writer of the present article heard him speak of verses, as the common tribute which a young mind on its entrance into the world of letters pays to the love of intellectual beauty. His poetry however has an "image and superscription" very different from this current coin. We do not, it is true, think that it evinces the poetical habit of

mind—or that tendency to regard every thing in its connexion with the imaginative world, which in a minor sense was justly attributed to the author of the *Seasons*, and in its greater belonged to Spenser and Milton. But it is full of imagination and of a sense of the beautiful, as suggested by a great acquaintance with books and thoughts, acting upon a benevolent mind.

[To be continued.]

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